What of Bach

Listen to sonata.
The white man on the radio
Explains Bach.
I cry for my loving friend.
He cries behind the mountain.
The son of his loins cries alone.
loin tampered with,
precious drops fall,
Cancer.
Where I long to live,
In the lap of his love
The white radio-Bach-man
says "...all interpret his genius."
Can Bach cure cancer?
Make us whole
Sonata rises

The radio sounds blur
past the nightfall.
The telephone is insufficient
so waiting tearful to see
The scar of musical incisions.

"All interpret his genius."
I read the music
between the telephone lines.
Sad, choppy, sick music
I hate Bach.
I hate that radio man's voice.
He never gets sick.

Help sonata get up.
Will Beethoven or Chopin
bring a cure.
No, Bach must be the answer.
I'll cry through this movement.
Pray to a music God get in the next...
Lead the clapping at the end,
Only after the end of the piece.
Loud rhythmic clapping.

Malik M.L. Williams
Post Office Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.521.1157

97-01-29

There are summers in the park
I'd rather forget.
Dirty nights
that left me stained,
yearning,
eager for anonymity
in the moonlight.

Moving through the man-groves,
there are
clandestine encounters,
drifting figures
shifting and gliding
an obscene waltz
beneath the trees.

There is bark
against my naked ass,
a boy with no name
worshipping before me,
seed spilled
seeping unseen into the ground,
hidden in the darkness.

There is pain
face-down on a park bench,
moonlit stripes on the ground
below me.
A man without a face,
grunting and sweaty,
pushing his way inside.

There is humiliation.

Malik M.L. Williams
Post Office Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.521.1157

Ghostly, gliding spectators,
empty intimacy,
a quick burst inside me,
weight lifting off my back,
zipper breaking the silence,
a figure retreating against the moonlight,
semen oozing down the back of my thigh.

There is desperation
and solitude
in the filthy summer nights
under the trees
in the park.

ODD SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Duncan — On that Saturday as I folded clothes upstairs, Israel's fate was turned about by three bullets and the fate of African American Gay writing was also turned about on itself. Turned over like pancakes flipped on a grill to singe the other side.

Malik — Prime Minister Rabin was felled by an extremist faction of his own people. An assassin took Israel's Prime Minister away from his peace rally and left his wife to wonder why. A man too young to understand would steal her husband now as she sat becoming a widow. As Prime Minister Rabin stepped into eternity he may have noticed a small dark skinned attractive man slipping into the room.

Duncan — On that Saturday a horrible unrelenting epidemic stole our Prime Minister of Poems. HIV/AIDS in its cowardly way weakened yet another soldier in our battle and let something else kill him. A man felled by a bullet intended not for one but a million souls. Essex Hemphill passed from this life at the hands of an assassin also.

Tony — We African-American gay men need a wailing wall to catch our tears as the wall of the temple will carry tears of the Jews. We need a moment to grieve the as we realign our selves for whatever is coming next to shake us. We require a moment to yell into the night for this one who dared speak for us in truth, so powerful that none could deny his genius and gifts. We need a moment to contemplate where we will find a new scribe to attend to our history and our present. We have so much work to do while we cry, moan, wail, shake, tear, yell, convulse, despair, rant, fetch and heave from our guts this pain of loses again.

Duncan — The President will not have to travel to attend to us. He will not have to make up words that will suffice for CNN. He need not even bother. We will see to our dead today. His White House is stained with the blood of too many to ask that he leave the job of cleaning to come and do what only we can do. Only we who have walked into the Dark, rich American story with another man on our arm can do this. Only those of us who have loved a man and sang of it from our souls can funeral this brother. Only gay Black men whose tongues are untied can do what must be done.

ODD SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Duncan — On that Saturday as I folded clothes upstairs, Israel's fate was turned about by three bullets and the fate of African American Gay writing was also turned about on itself. Turned over like pancakes flipped on a grill to singe the other side.

Malik — Prime Minister Rabin was felled by an extremist faction of his own people. An assassin took Israel's Prime Minister away from his peace rally and left his wife to wonder why. A man too young to understand would steal her husband now as she sat becoming a widow. As Prime Minister Rabin stepped into eternity he may have noticed a small dark skinned attractive man slipping into the room.

Duncan — On that Saturday a horrible unrelenting epidemic stole our Prime Minister of Poems. HIV/AIDS in its cowardly way weakened yet another soldier in our battle and let something else kill him. A man felled by a bullet intended not for one but a million souls. Essex Hemphill passed from this life at the hands of an assassin also.

Tony — We African-American gay men need a wailing wall to catch our tears as the wall of the temple will carry tears of the Jews. We need a moment to grieve the as we realign our selves for whatever is coming next to shake us. We require a moment to yell into the night for this one who dared speak for us in truth, so powerful that none could deny his genius and gifts. We need a moment to contemplate where we will find a new scribe to attend to our history and our present. We have so much work to do while we cry, moan, wail, shake, tear, yell, convulse, despair, rant, fetch and heave from our guts this pain of loses again.

Duncan — The President will not have to travel to attend to us. He will not have to make up words that will suffice for CNN. He need not even bother. We will see to our dead today. His White House is stained with the blood of too many to ask that he leave the job of cleaning to come and do what only we can do. Only we who have walked into the Dark, rich American story with another man on our arm can do this. Only those of us who have loved a man and sang of it from our souls can funeral this brother. Only gay Black men whose tongues are untied can do what must be done.

Duncan E. Teague 206 Flora Avenue NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30307

Visiting Hours

Out the double-paned windows
Sitting and looking out far
This view could be better
An okay scape of the city
" A hospital bed view"
Nice for the sick and shut-in
Lying in the bed Micheal of Today
Not Michael my Roommate brother,
Catty friend,
Or Living room Disco Star

Eyes as large as saucers with cups
Oversized lens on glasses (He NEVER wore in public)
Staring over each other
Silent staring
His eyes always leave our gaze first, now
Beautiful brown paint brush lashes
Resting on sallow cheeks
Angelic eyes rest
Out of the window I wonder far again

The Happy Times
The quaking stone throwing arguments
Past the place on St. Augustine
This Nightmare moved in with the three of us
Michael got to host
Moved into our Grand new place on St. Augustine
Uninvited but stubborn
Even seeking prominence in his life
Scaring me in the dining room watching Michael watch TV
Loud yelling, running on the hard wood floors
Slamming the rod iron door
We left St Augustine
Michael walked in
Limped out with that Evil friend on his back

Lashes flutter against the sedatives
Nurses must disturb our silent conversation
The visitor's chair hurts now
I want to go back home
I want to go out tonight with Michael and read some no good queen

Michael mumbles something funny
Laughter feels good
Any laughter
I cry to laugh
Smiling his long lashes close on cheeks
Gently lifting the glasses to the bedtray, I kiss goodbye
Eyes catching the sun whispering through the blinds.

Malik M.L. Williams
Post Office Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.521.1157

There were summers in the park
I'd rather forget.
Dirty nights
that left me stained,
yearning,
eager for anonymity
in the moonlight.

Moving through the man-groves,
there were
clandestine encounters,
drifting figures
shifting and gliding
an obscene waltz
beneath the trees.

There was bark
against my naked ass,
a boy with no name
worshipping before me,
seed spilled
seeping unseen into the ground,
hidden in the darkness.

There was pain
face-down on a park bench,
moonlit stripes on the ground
below me.
A man without a face,
grunting and sweaty,
pushing his way inside.

There was humiliation.

Ghostly, gliding spectators,
empty intimacy,
a quick burst inside me,
weight lifting off my back,
zipper breaking the silence,
a figure retreating against the moonlight,
semen oozing down the back of my thigh.

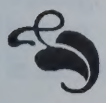
There was desperation
and solitude
in the filthy summer nights
under the trees
in the park.

Malik M.L. Williams
Post Office Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.521.1157

SHADOWS

"How do you reconcile
your love for me
with your need
for anonymity?"

-bell hooks quote



Slip in my back alley
black man.
Drift away
from the crowded
noisy street.
Look over your soulder
be certain
no one follows
no one sees.
Creep up on me
panther.
Stalk me
like a big cat
in the dark jungle night.
Come to me in the darkness
take me down
and devour me.
Assault me here
where your crimes
will go unreported.
Come to the alley
black man
unzip yourself
in the dim neon glow.
Take it from me
let me give it to you
in damp, sweaty midnight.
Push me down in it
hidden in the windowless valley
force your need into me.
Partially naked
ready yourself
for a quick retreat
from the gutter.

Step back into the light
black man
Distance yourself from the refuse
and the waste.
Run back to the world.

Malik M.L. Williams
Post Office Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.521.1157

Take up her arm again
she's waiting
blindly in the street lights.
Leave the animal urges
for me in the alley.
Leave me here
waiting,
lurking
in the shadows.

Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Ave. N. E.,
Atl. GA 30307

Survival Notes from College

I'm not alone **NOW**
After being interrupted at lunch
Followed to my room
Seduced primitively, vigorously
and left *Smiling*
Too quick to ask or to answer

So, I'm not alone **Now!**

Ducan E. Teague, Atlanta, Georgia 404.653.0935

...And the Lamb shall Wait with the Lions
(for the # 2 Ponce de Leon Bus)

My steps falter as the snickers rise
I cannot cross gracefully because
The nervous familiar fear pulsing through my every sinew
Pulsating and driving my emotional calm to ruin
I am arrogant to ask for such calm
I stand a few feet from the most predictable of my predators
Young Brothers all clad in the base ball style caps
That I don't look good in

Snickers always precede vocal jabs.

The usual
It only took three of them, this time

You see, my soul is sensitively wrapped in the body of a Black Queen
I walk the effeminate walk
I stand smaller than most
My hands glide through the air naturally
while My impeccable speech sings
I have never attained "Cool"
I am not sure I ever wanted too, except to shield my essence
I felt through it
Promised never to play that ill fitting role again
Binding my very nature
Dousing my own souls light

Assurance of some peace has come from one
Wiser grayer, more articulately vicious Ph. D.ed kind of Queen
"...as you get older Much of it will cease. Trust me!"

Should I be so fortunate!

Duncan E. Teague
206 Flora Ave. N. E.,
Atl. GA 30307

Survival Notes from College

I'm not alone **NOW**
After being interrupted at lunch
Followed to my room
Seduced primitively, vigorously
and left *Smiling*
Too quick to ask or to answer

So, I'm not alone **Now!**

Ducan E. Teague, Atlanta, Georgia 404.653.0935

...And the Lamb shall Wait with the Lions
(for the # 2 Ponce de Leon Bus)

My steps falter as the snickers rise
I cannot cross gracefully because
The nervous familiar fear pulsing through my every sinew
Pulsating and driving my emotional calm to ruin
I am arrogant to ask for such calm
I stand a few feet from the most predictable of my predators
Young Brothers all clad in the base ball style caps
That I don't look good in

Snickers always precede vocal jabs.

The usual
It only took three of them, this time

You see, my soul is sensitively wrapped in the body of a Black Queen
I walk the effeminate walk
I stand smaller than most
My hands glide through the air naturally
while My impeccable speech sings
I have never attained "Cool"
I am not sure I ever wanted too, except to shield my essence
I felt through it
Promised never to play that ill fitting role again
Binding my very nature
Dousing my own souls light

Assurance of some peace has come from one
Wiser grayer, more articulately vicious Ph. D.ed kind of Queen
"...as you get older Much of it will cease. Trust me!"

Should I be so fortunate!

Kevin E. Bynes

Poem (Untitled)

I am told:
That I,
a man desiring to be whole,
should,
instead of petitioning the creator for this wholeness,
second guess
the part of me
that he
has already blessed me
to know.

I am told:
That the filthy thoughts that run through my mind,
Such as,
recognition and appreciation of beauty, love, and the yearning for a human touch
should be crushed
in my mind where they
originate.
Because they
are uncouth and
taboo.

I am told:
That love is much to pure
to grace my lips or for
the acts of my body to yours.
If I can't give this love to a woman
then
it is simply lust
and best left unchecked.

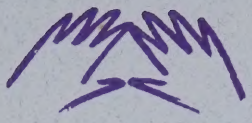
I am told:

That men
Should hate the softness within
while laboring to keep this tenderness
berried beneath or behind
a fascad or fleshy rod
made hard
by a glance at the very softness
we have been trained to hate.

I am told:

That I am loved,
and that *they* just want the best for me,
But this has nothing to do with
Love or Joy or Friendship
or being whole and happy.

I am told:
That I was meant to be alone
Certainly not meant to be
with one
like me.
And since I simply
can't see
Myself with one unlike
must walk this earthly life
in solitude.



Atlanta Lambda Center, Inc.

P.O. Box 15180 • Atlanta, Georgia 30333 • 404 662 9010

Tell Mamma I love her.

All Tell Mamma I love her.

DT This little phrase haunts my thoughts as I vision the picture of my father and mother in their bedroom when I call.

MT She is dying and he is attending to her.

T When the phone rings upstairs he answers and so far she has either been asleep or recovering from some kind of simple movement.

M You see, her abdominal cavity is filled with cancerous tumors and if she attempts to go to the bathroom or shift positions in the king sized bed she has an episode of pain that debilitates this once all powerful woman. So my father,

her ability,

desire and risk of talking

to even I, her first surviving born child.

M I have a paranoid fear that he doesn't say to her,

T "Duncan called and he said he loves you." I fear he leaves off the part about how I love her. I want my mother to have the one assurance I can give her in the few days we have left.

I hope and pray he tells Momma I love her. I have no reason to think he would not but when you are away from the center of a family event

MT childlike fears prey on your frayed nerves.

M It's the primal fear of going to the park to play and forgetting for a few moments about your parents who are in view.

T Trusting their protection and then realizing after the swing stops that

All Mamma is gone.

It is this toddler's fear that is stealing my sleep and causing me to mistrust my caring and exhausted father. It is real faith that I have now that he is doing everything we discussed to keep her comfortable,

that he allows my Cousin LaVern to help,

and that he knows somehow that it is now a matter of life (mine) and death(Momma's) that he relay that simple message.

TELL Momma, I Love her

In Memory Of:

To all of those who've gone on before, we will meet again. To the many faces I don't see anymore, we will meet again. To the many names I now add to new faces, it's not the same. Through trail and error we've met before and we will meet again.

The Church Bathroom:

We would embrace, kiss in our own world. Caught, in the moment, not afraid to care. Suspended in his soft beautiful red lips, as they attempted to suck the darkness away from me. Beautifully entwined together, make great music.

Where had I been before. My eyes and emotions were opened at the moment I had come home. This kiss, was the very breathe of life I had longed for, how was I suppose to know it wasn't natural. I begin to gather roots, as we kissed in the church bathroom; a place where love grows.

And Their Prayers Shall Sustain, Thy Walls: Gospel According to Damone; 1-7

1. Weeping as they enter the door, the walls take them in with a warm embrace loving. Relaxing, smiling warm and bright centered on the same skin, same body, same kind, mirrors all around.
2. Communion, is observed every night, for those that hunger and thirst after righteousness sake, for they are filled. Purifying their vocal chords for the praise and worship as they weep, through their feet as they dance all night long.
3. Sharp eyes are able to pierce through the darkness, through the smoke, cutting through the bullshit, picking up some. The music gets louder, the holy ghost comes; weep no more! They begin to scream, shout, and are transformed into freed slaves all over again.
4. The music ministry starts, the doors are still opening and the cycle continuing. Possessed by the music, elevated to a higher place, cymbals clash in ears; Touching starts, shirts are being removed, Africa comes home.
5. The Ancestor's arrive and the lessons begin: Love the Lord thy God with all your Mind, Body, and Spirit and your neighbor as yourself.
6. In the Upper Room, you will find music of a different degree, jumbling up hormone music, and then he walks in. Closer than the breathe you breath, all is one.
7. As the weeping has stopped, and the light has come in, smiles radiate from renewal, this is for those that answer the call; And their prayers shall sustain thy walls.

Amen

There is no cure

It's
1959
A
merchant
seaman
found
dead
diagnosis unknown

it's 1968
14 year old
black male in St. Louis
found dead

same unknown
diagnosis

1981
first cases of
Kaposis Sarcoma
diagnosed
first
public
cases
of
AIDS

strange symtoms
that seem minor
that they

die from
but
they're gay
so it doesn't matter

and we live in the informative land of the free and caring

It starts to spread
so they come up with a name
first they name
the new cancer

then they name
the host
aquired
immune
deficiency
syndrome

Ten years later
there are about
275,000
cases of AIDS

and we have no cure
the
world is in a
panic people
infected are
treated like
Lepers
by
the
majority
including
the
so called
experts
in
the
health
profession

now we enter
the present day

we find
those infected
live pretty long
with proper treatment
the best treatment
is herbal
and the
front running
medication
AZT (we were told)
is not effective
on
people
of
color
globally
highest
infected
group
is the
gay
white
middle
class
male

but
in some large cities
with the
focus
on
I. V. Drug
users
minorities
&
females
are
the
highest
infested

catch the subliminal message
if you can

but
with the
longevity
extended
society
as per
is not as aware
or concerned

not realizing
how close to home
AIDS
really is
the
"not me"
or
"my family"
syndrome
is a prevalent
state
of
mind
for the minority
until it hits

and
as long as that person
is not
gay
or an
I.V.
drug user

because
then we tend to believe
due to

subliminal programming
that
it was
supposed
to
happen

that way

that of course was
before
Magic Johnson

the ice breaker
to waking the majority to
reality

and it hurt
then others of fame came into
the light

but somehow this information
didn't hit hard enough

for society to stay alert
as there hasn't been a significant
change in teen pregnancies
and
people are purposely
infecting
others
society
is still practicing
unprotected
sex

the
"not me"
syndrome
prevails
and
we

we live as if
we want to die
have we forgotten
there
is
no
cure

dada ra

Spirit

Voice 1	In my quiet sanctuary my soul envisioned . . .	
Voice 2	A mountain shrouded in mist Ancient tree branches lost in healing clouds	
Voice 1	Concealing watchful sneaky low flying Angels Droplets of rain, cool, fresh, feathery light.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3	Two dark priests, lovers and teachers Led my Tribesmen down to muddy banks of Life's River. Tribesmen waded the current	
		light drum
Voice 1 Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 1	Fell deep Floated up stream Swam in the whirlpools like great finned dolphins Playing with the Triton in the foam.	
	Discovering,	
Voice 2	We crossed Jordan	
Voice 1&2	We crossed the Nile	
Voice 3&1	We crossed and there called the Angelic Spies.	*tamborine, drum*
Voice 1	Shaman Singer's song rose into the mist	
Voice 3	*I won't be scared for long,* *Not when I think about this powerful Love*	
Voice 2	The tribe sang the Spirits out of hiding.	
Voice 1	My Oldest Living Lover sat them down Gesturing with wisdom, unravelled the lines of Truth We saw each colorful strand to itself.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Faces then appeared Faces of our Tribal lineage Hardened faces fell away, broken Faces brightened red, orange, gold	
Voice 1 Voice 2	Truth rewoven, entangled all. Angels, Tribesmen, and Spirits	
Voice 3 Voice 1	Moved to touch hearts Moved to rub soul upon soul.	
Voice 1 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Kisses fell on cheeks: On warm bearded chins On long smooth necks On lips parted by darting tongues	
Voice 1 Voice 2	On palms bearing gifts, spankings, hugs. Kisses flushed warm faces:	
Voice 3 Voice 2&3 Voices All	Faces of Angels Faces of Spirits Faces of Our Tribe.	
Voice 3	Dancing the Snake dance coiled around the fire The rattle rhythm, beating wings, and pounding feet Drove the clouds back.	*drums*
Voice 2	Grandmother smiled and Her smile dried the rain. The light touched my spinning skirt	

Voice 1 Burned up to my heart's grief. ***stop music***

Voice All I returned healed by the glow of Her smile in Your eyes.

SPIRIT

VOICE1-MALIK
VOICE2-TONY
VOICE3-DUNCAN

Voice 1	In my quiet sanctuary my soul envisioned . . .	
Voice 2	A mountain shrouded in mist Ancient tree branches lost in healing clouds	
Voice 1	Concealing watchful sneaky low flying Angels Droplets of rain, cool, fresh, feathery light.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3	Two dark priests, lovers and teachers Led my Tribesmen down to muddy banks of Life's River. Tribesmen waded the current	
		light drum
Voice 1 Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 1	Fell deep Floated up stream Swam in the whirlpools like great finned dolphins Playing with the Triton in the foam.	
	Discovering,	
Voice 2	We crossed Jordan	
Voice 1&2	We crossed the Nile	
Voice 3&1	We crossed and there called the Angelic Spies.	*tamborine, drum*
Voice 1	Shaman Singer's song rose into the mist	
Voice 3	*I won't be scared for long,* *Not when I think about this powerful Love*	
Voice 2	The tribe sang the Spirits out of hiding.	
Voice 1	My Oldest Living Lover sat them down Gesturing with wisdom, unravelled the lines of Truth We saw each colorful strand to itself.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Faces then appeared Faces of our Tribal lineage Hardened faces fell away, broken Faces brightened red, orange, gold	
Voice 1 Voice 2	Truth rewoven, entangled all. Angels, Tribesmen, and Spirits	
Voice 3 Voice 1	Moved to touch hearts Moved to rub soul upon soul.	
Voice 1 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Kisses fell on cheeks: On warm bearded chins On long smooth necks On lips parted by darting tongues	
Voice 1 Voice 2	On palms bearing gifts, spankings, hugs. Kisses flushed warm faces:	
Voice 3 Voice 2&3 Voices All	Faces of Angels Faces of Spirits Faces of Our Tribe.	
Voice 3	Dancing the Snake dance coiled around the fire The rattle rhythm, beating wings, and pounding feet Drove the clouds back.	*drums*
Voice 2	Grandmother smiled and Her smile dried the rain. The light touched my spinning skirt	

Voice 1 Burned up to my heart's grief. ***stop music***

Voice All I returned healed by the glow of Her smile in Your eyes. MALIK

SPIRIT

VOICE 1 - MALIK
VOICE 2 - TONY
VOICE 3 - DUNCAN

Voice 1	In my quiet sanctuary my soul envisioned . . .	
Voice 2	A mountain shrouded in mist Ancient tree branches lost in healing clouds	
Voice 1	Concealing watchful sneaky low flying Angels Droplets of rain, cool, fresh, feathery light.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3	Two dark priests, lovers and teachers Led my Tribesmen down to muddy banks of Life's River. Tribesmen waded the current	
		light drum
Voice 1 Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 1	Fell deep Floated up stream Swam in the whirlpools like great finned dolphins Playing with the Triton in the foam.	
	Discovering,	
Voice 2	We crossed Jordan	
Voice 1&2	We crossed the Nile	
Voice 3&1	We crossed and there called the Angelic Spies.	*tamborine, drum*
Voice 1	Shaman Singer's song rose into the mist	
Voice 3	*I won't be scared for long,* *Not when I think about this powerful Love*	
Voice 2	The tribe sang the Spirits out of hiding.	
Voice 1	My Oldest Living Lover sat them down Gesturing with wisdom, unravelled the lines of Truth We saw each colorful strand to itself.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Faces then appeared Faces of our Tribal lineage Hardened faces fell away, broken Faces brightened red, orange, gold	
Voice 1 Voice 2	Truth rewoven, entangled all. Angels, Tribesmen, and Spirits	
Voice 3 Voice 1	Moved to touch hearts Moved to rub soul upon soul.	
Voice 1 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Kisses fell on cheeks: On warm bearded chins On long smooth necks On lips parted by darting tongues	
Voice 1 Voice 2	On palms bearing gifts, spankings, hugs. Kisses flushed warm faces:	
Voice 3 Voice 2&3 Voices All	Faces of Angels Faces of Spirits Faces of Our Tribe.	
Voice 3	Dancing the Snake dance coiled around the fire The rattle rhythm, beating wings, and pounding feet Drove the clouds back.	*drums*
Voice 2	Grandmother smiled and Her smile dried the rain. The light touched my spinning skirt	

Voice 1	Burned up to my heart's grief.	***stop music***
Voice All	I returned healed by the glow of Her smile in Your eyes.	MALIK

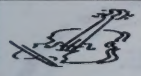
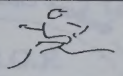
SPIRIT

VOICE 1 - MALIK
VOICE 2 - TONY
VOICE 3 - DUNCAN

Voice 1	In my quiet sanctuary my soul envisioned . . .	
Voice 2	A mountain shrouded in mist Ancient tree branches lost in healing clouds	
Voice 1	Concealing watchful sneaky low flying Angels Droplets of rain, cool, fresh, feathery light.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3	Two dark priests, lovers and teachers Led my Tribesmen down to muddy banks of Life's River. Tribesmen waded the current	
		light drum
Voice 1 Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 1	Fell deep Floated up stream Swam in the whirlpools like great finned dolphins Playing with the Triton in the foam.	
	Discovering,	
Voice 2	We crossed Jordan	
Voice 1&2	We crossed the Nile	
Voice 3&1	We crossed and there called the Angelic Spies.	*tamborine, drum*
Voice 1	Shaman Singer's song rose into the mist	
Voice 3	*I won't be scared for long,* *Not when I think about this powerful Love*	
Voice 2	The tribe sang the Spirits out of hiding.	
Voice 1	My Oldest Living Lover sat them down Gesturing with wisdom, unravelled the lines of Truth We saw each colorful strand to itself.	*light bell*
Voice 2 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Faces then appeared Faces of our Tribal lineage Hardened faces fell away, broken Faces brightened red, orange, gold	
Voice 1 Voice 2	Truth rewoven, entangled all. Angels, Tribesmen, and Spirits	
Voice 3 Voice 1	Moved to touch hearts Moved to rub soul upon soul.	
Voice 1 Voice 3 Voice 2 Voice 3	Kisses fell on cheeks: On warm bearded chins On long smooth necks On lips parted by darting tongues	
Voice 1 Voice 2	On palms bearing gifts, spankings, hugs. Kisses flushed warm faces:	
Voice 3 Voice 2&3 Voices All	Faces of Angels Faces of Spirits Faces of Our Tribe.	
Voice 3	Dancing the Snake dance coiled around the fire The rattle rhythm, beating wings, and pounding feet Drove the clouds back.	*drums*
Voice 2	Grandmother smiled and Her smile dried the rain. The light touched my spinning skirt	

Voice 1 Burned up to my heart's grief. ***stop music***

Voice All I returned healed by the glow of Her smile in Your eyes. MALIK

TEEN CORNER

WHY IT GOTTA BE LIKE DAT?

BY AHMED MUHMAMD

Everybody's doin' their own thing
so many people tell me.
But does that make it right when we go through hell.
A brother kills another brother over nothin'.
When will the violence stop? That's the question.
When society stops promoting it?
Well, we've got a treasure' inside of us.
But, why are we blowin' it?
Let's get back to basic essentials.
It's time to maintain my greatest potential.
Let's all move to the highest plain;
keep God first; maintain and sustain
the success that you taste in a glass of victory.
Have you forgotten our phenomenal history?
Kings, Queens, civilizations
We must lift up from this situation.
The drugs; the AIDS; the malt liquors; hypodermic neddles.
These are major roots to evil.
Who wants to go to Freaknik?
Me! Me! Me!
How 'bout a community meeting?
- Silence -
See what I mean?
Why it gotta be like dat?
Like Rakim said, It ain't where you from it's where you're at."

Why do we follow a societal beast
and then wonder why we don't have any peace.
If a shark gets a fat man soon he'll swallow him.
So who's the biggest fool
the fool himself or those who follow him?
You wouldn't board a plane with an alcoholic pilot...
see what I'm pryin' at?
Why do we follow this society's lead
when the society doesn't wanna believe
that some day to God we'll all have to answer,
What's the cure? Rigteousness!
Yo! Step up! Step up!
Let's get blessed.
But not with the needles.
Not with the cocaine.
But with the positive spiritual trax on your brain.

Truth prevails many brothers are in the wrong.
I tell my brother, 'do the right thing!
And he starts to singin' the songs
of excuses
While slippin' on gin and juices
causing community bodily abuses.
People are putting God on a shelf.
But if you don't love God you don't love self
and let alone somebody else.
Sisters! Your're not off the hook.
Why do you walk around half naked
and get mad when brothers look?
No self respect, no respect for you;
neglect for you; you think of what next to do.
So you diss every brother. You say we're all fools
That ain't true.
Some of us are rocks but some of us are jewels
trying to make a stat for Black.
Dang!
Why it gotta be like dat?!!!

Ahmed Muhammad is a positive rapper. He has tour and preformed in concert on national and international TV in Senegal West Africia. Ahmed has been sponsored by Coca Cola to do a tape for Black History Month and has been on local TV and Radio programs. For more information on how to reach him you may call (770) 414-0104.

RESOURCE LIST

Access To Treatment
Clinical Trials Information services
(800) Trials - A

Advocacy
AIDS Survival Project
(404) 874-7926

Children
Aniz, Inc.
(770) 795-1525

Food & Clothing
AIDS Miracles Network, Inc.
(404) 761-4221

FUN & GAMES

Please fill in the blanks.

NU__ R_ _ _
E_ _ R_ I_ _
W_ T_ _

S_ N S_ I_ _
T_M_ E_ _ _ _ _ E
A_ _ _
R_ _ T
T R_ _ T I_ G_ D

Unscramble the Words.

ELCL _____
VHI _____
URCE _____
RAERST _____
LAEH _____
RIVUS _____
LUATRIP _____
VEIL _____
DIAS _____

Answers on page 5

R.O.S.E. NEWSLINE

November & December97 Volume 1, Issue 6

We would like to extend a special thank you to the following for helping to get this issue out.

ARCA

AIDS Survival Project

Awareness Check Program

Ahmed Muhhamd

AIDS Clinical Trail Group

Clarence Garland Jr.

Jerry Sheldon

Metro Atlanta Furniture Bank

Madidbo

Pre Paid Legal Services

We "R" Movers

...and the staff of R.O.S.E., Inc.

Marcya Gullatte Executive Director

Mariama Gullatte Associate Director

From The Director's Desk: Marcya Gullatte

Fatal Names

A young woman walked into the county health office with great apprehension. This had been a very long walk, though it was only three blocks to the clinic. She had come to get the results of her HIV test and she was currently 10 weeks pregnant.

That is why this test was so very important. To pass this test meant that she had failed and to not pass was good. Finally she was called back and the counselor gave her the results. "Your test came back positive."

The councelor requested the names of her partners. As if in a daze the young woman wrote down the names of her partners and anyone that she might have put at risk over the last three years. As each individual was con- tacted by the Health Department, her phone began to ring and she began to deniethe truth.

... WHEN NAMES ARE GIVEN ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN.

Finally with the assistance of the Health Department, one young man figured out that it was she who turned in his name and he threatens to kill her (and her unborn child).

The Health Department did not mean to make this grave mistake, but when names are given accidents can happen.

The American Medical Association, the Council of State and Territorial Epidemiologist and the New England Journal of Medicine have recently began to urge all states to adopt name-based reporting of HIV. Some people opposed names reporting and instead have suggested that HIV case data should be collected using unique identifier's codes instead of names. They argue that this enables epidemiologists to track the spread of HIV and study the epidemic without putting the privacy of people with HIV at risk by entering their names into a permanent state registry.

For more information please contact AIDS Survival Project at (404) 874-7926.

(The story told here is a true one, but the names have been withheld to protect the innocent.)

Eating Defensively
BY
MARIAMA GULLATTE RN

Recognition and Management of Oral Manifestations of Thrush

Thrush is a yeast - like fungus that inhabits the intestine, genital tract, mouth and throat. It is one of the main reasons that people living with HIV have a lack of appiete. Normally this fungus lives in healthy balance with the other bacteria and yeast in the body. It has been estimated that 90% of people with HIV disease will present with at least one oral manifestation at some time during the course of thier infection. When this fungus infects the oral cavity, it is called thrush. White sores may form on the tongue, gums and inside the cheek.

The ability to manage thrush is fundamental to the overall health care of this patient population. Some treatment from a dentist, *Continued on Page*

Inside

Teen Corner	2
Clinical Trials	4
Positive People	6
Lost In Darkness	7

"You've Hurt Me for the Last Time!"

I'm constantly telling you I Love You More and moreover you treat Me harsh
You've hurt me for the last time!
What did I ever do to be treated in such a way, like a fool?
Please speak to me, won't you help me to understand.
You've hurt me for the last time!
I speak to you with all my heart loving words is all I ever spoke to you, you've taken them and crush them, cut them to shreds. I'm always catching you as you say it "In one of your funky moods."
You've hurt me for the last time!
My love was the greatest love, in return I got nothing, you were the one that I truly loved no one could tell me wrong of you, not you, not my great love. A special love that has brought me back from pain and despair, told me I could when I gave up all hope, saw no tomorrows. Where is that love, that bond between friends, you gave me life again, my life? Speak now to my heart, it's filled with pain and anger.
"You've hurt me for the last time!"

Author: "Rio"
Completed: 6:00 A.M.
7/24/96

Written On The Back Of Someone Looking For José

A banquet for one is done
Dinner tables collapse to corners
Edges draw their own conclusions
Each a drear linear logic argued to infinity

Mirrors taught me how to love
And invest in things unearned
People become still as stagnant ponds
As smooth and aware as silvered glass

One mirror stares down another
Each seeing the other reduced back
Down to a messy point on infinity's edge
All power to resolve definitions fade

With the noisy clack of a toe nail clipper
They excised an inch of superfluous loin
Taught me to speak fast but circumspect
As might a spoiled excited child — and

Pared my fingers and toes one by one
Counted slowly to ten — then to twenty
Chopped each limb down to the joint
Sanded raw bones with scrubpaper — and

Had my stuttering heart transplanted
So it might grow better someplace else
They cooked my kidneys with some rice
And let me suck it up with naked gums

Now I appreciate only the meat I eat alone
I've learned how to savor myself in quiet places
Where from the middle of all this self-love
Perks the one stubborn question mark

Mysterious and unrepentant
Dotted — black and colorless
Like a broken exclamation
The I of me again — me

A brief and carnivorous thing
Life can be a brutal taskmaster
They gave us manuals — instruction sets
We think we read Shakespeare for fun

Now I have placed a planet on the table
For moons to march around its lazy axis
The achievements of a left brain gone south
A right brain gone bad from a drought of Love

Things have a way of getting up and gone
Or rising the way a huff of ash rises
I think to hurl this world into the fire place
Reduce its cant to an elemental black

But the smoke might trail in curlicues
And leave ripples like question marks
Inquisitions of Whom — and from Where
Of but When — and for Who — and How dare you

I've learned to distrust mirrors
And so I invest only in fire
I've come to love dawn's thermonuclear furnace
And so I unglue my lids to reckon better the burn

Alexi Helligar
5 January 1997
Atlanta, GA

... and He Shall Come like a Thief in the Night, My Angel !

A beguiling demon lies before me,
Making temptation wash over me
Cancering the peace of my liar
You though
Drift swiftly from the past synapse to synapse
My darling Little Angel
The Demon beautiful must wait
You standing over me light and strong
Little ripples playing around your navel kiss my lips
Wings batting the air over our bodies
Taut pink smooth strong muscles flexing tense
Writhing flushed beneath my walking fingers

Smiling
That you smile boils the moment
My paws grasp, pull, scratch, tense
Stretching to catch your scent
Stretching to find your most vulnerable place
Angels sweat opals and pearls
It is you wet
I have caught your scent
Smells encircle my brain
Grabbing my sense of decency, numbing it
Aroused
I become feline beast, heated, irrational
Mine Angel to softly devour
Devour nibble by nibble
As a mouse trapped by a corner and a cat
Tease you, till moments become hours of folly
Till your nervousness quakes you in my teeth
Till shivering life jets under your skin
Breathe
Taking in air only to survive
Rest beside you to anticipate more
Watching guard
Lie succumbed for now, my angelic Love
Beauty resting at my thigh
Weakened docile heavenly guest to calm my rage
My furious desire
Touch
I am wholly cursed
Our souls will never rest
It is forbidden to have an Angel
In the most blessed way
I have.

Voices Come on Out.

Where have the voices of so many gone
Where is the cry that can bring our mothers running
Our fathers turning around to see
Is everything alright
You gone be alright, Baby
Thats what our Big Auntie would holler

More voices angry, MAD
Raging lines on pages
Printed deep red
Printed lasting through nights of howling pain
Words sshouting into the cavern of space
Left empty

I need a man behind Marlon's camera
Someone explaining what the hell Craig Harris and Essex Hemphill meant
Fans to cool the rage of Assotto Saint and Donald Wood's passion
I want to sleep with Rory Buchanan's phrases and Stephen Corbin's stories again

Fixin' to get my book together but not fast enough to keep up
Death done stole my contributers
It ain't right
Nothing about it is right
You can't make it right
Volumes dedicated to the dead

Squeezing the last hug out of a book of poems
From some damn conference
With Him standing there calling me
"of course, I'll sign yours, Ms Thang"
He signed my soul with more words and more hugs
Ouooo it hurts to see it sitting there learing at me.

Nervous hands rattling handwritten pages
Podium rocking, foot tapping quietly
Serveying eyes from bowed unmemorized tales
Breaths held awaiting last beautiful warm phrases
Silence for a four seconds
Two seconds more
Then sighs, sighs like poets only should sigh

Applause
Crying
Applause
Smiling big
Applause

Another Voice freed

Prayer to Her

Just as the Moon, She brings the blue water to the shore
Bring tides of Peace too my soul
Love, If you bring stars to the blacksea nights
Bring joy, *tingling joy* to my heart
Sunrae, You, who burns the beach, dries the sugar sand
Fire the coals that lie deep in my breast
As You Nameless Timeless Womyn who keeps us searching
through the endless, landless wake
for the little Sisters of Truthes
Lead me down the beach till we reach the place where the waters
begin again

Dynamics of a Bus Ride:

Am I suppose to speak out every time I hear some brothers calling me out and they don't be knowing it, though. Why does it hurt still and cut like a knife, deep into wounds, pain, deaths that just won't go away. Silence, befalls all around, the in crowd those that see it differently, is silence making the pain go away. Is it confronting you. Would I be in your business, if I took the call and called your bluff.

Test me, puncture my skin. Is it not black, other folk see it why can't you. Am I not your brother too. Do you like it better when they lock their doors, grab their purses, clutch their pearls, or are they your friend too. Do I test your manhood, boyhood where is the real strength. Get the fuck off the bus.

Reflections:

What really is Hiv/aids? I, like so many out there really don't know, some things too many don't make good sense. Does the drug addiction(medication) help, what the fuck is in those pills where is the power in the Pills with many colors, sizes, and names. Flush that shit!

Hey guess what, yea another memorial service, this brother went to Church every Sunday. It shines on the just and the unjust, I didn't go to church Sunday. When will it stop, I want to question someday, somehow, there's only one problem who can I talk to.

Vincent, age 34 a warm angelic being of a brother comrade and friend. A true Ghetto Lion Prince is what he meant to me, from 40's at the movies to Chopin in D Minor. Vincent, a black warrior of a distinctive tribe of Africans: Dark Beautiful, removes chocolate from my expression of, his sweet compassion and the ghetto love he shared with me. A brother whose light outshines all the stars and is louder than the notes Blue Jay's sing. The sun shines of your majestic glory as you gather your wings.

One Down

The pussy Monique gave him
Rubbed itself on his trouser leg
Stretched itself rubberband tight
Yawned and fetched his tongue

He named the pussy she gave him Rover
For in its artless affection and trust of men
This feline was less cat and more like a dog
It was a good pussy — a very friendly cat

He knew she resented his naming the pussy Rover
In bed it became the exquisite wedge between them
A few inches of punitive bush — a prophylactic
He knew she must love that pussy more than him

When Monique came to get the last of her things
She stood between his garage and her Mercedes
Her lips looking like a pair of needle-nosed pliers
And asked for the pussy she gave him back

(He had wanted to kill *her*, but instead...)

He blurted out something about an open door
Something about dogs howling late into night
Something about screeching eighteen wheelers
Something about caterwauling

And buried his fists in his trouser pockets
Turned his back to the bald mound of dirt
Flattening itself in the shriveled garden bed
And knew some things can never be taken back

Alexi Helligar
23 August 1996
Atlanta, GA

Good Humor Skewers Poverty
(*So Learn To Laugh When You Pick A Better County*)

We love black folks in good humor
It makes them feel more at ease
But sometimes when I listen carefully
I hear laughter — but of another kind

Laughter from the belly of a slave ship
Laughter from the top of an auction block
Laughter like the smack of a whip
Laughter like the moan of a cotton gin
Laughter when a family was sold apart
And one man put another in his pocket

Any old place can be home
White picket fences aren't real
When we blacks start believing in sitcoms
I can hear laughter

Laughter of a lynch mob under a sycamore tree
Laughter in the gilded rat cages where fat CEOs rule
Laughter in the Rotunda, the Senate, and White House
Laughter from the bench of the Supreme Court
All across America I can hear laughter

And so we good blacks laugh too
Because we know every rich white man
Loves to see us blacks in good humor
On his way to his bank he might give us some lunch

So let's help him have a nice day
And let's all have a good chuckle
Let's lynch some black welfare queens
Clamp down on the black criminal class
Half of black America is trouble

Even better — a final solution
Let's round up all ten million of us black trash
Put us on a big garbage truck, or barge, or plane
Dump us in a foreign land of milk and honey
With our ghettos on our back — like snails
With no money

Leave us in a another country where we can't complain
Or bear the pain of those who wither under institutionalized evil
And they will close their minds to the thing we all know well
Born of slaves, we were there not as trash but as goods for sale

And let the fair blacks who remain shuck and jive and grin
Getting on with their white Masters in preposterous good humor
Still I worry about the folks laughing then — both white and black
Will they be laughing when they become the new niggers?

Alexi Helligar
13 October 1996
Atlanta, GA

I AM

I am an optimistic and
loving person.
I wonder how long do I
have to live
I hear my friends voices
that I have lost.
I want to live until I am so.
I am an optimistic and loving
person.

I pretend or at least try to
pretend there is nothing wrong
with me.
I feel sad because I know
I don't have long.
I touch my friends and
family in a special way.
I worry will I be alive tomorrow?
or will I be gone?
I cry because I miss my friends
but I know I'll see them again.
I am an optimistic and loving
person.

I understand I can't use my sickness to get what I want or to get away with things.

I say I am fine although sometimes I am not.

I dream of growing up and having a family.

I try to stay well and not make my sickness an issue.

I hope some day they'll find a cure.

I am an optimistic and loving person

Written By:
Jillian Totten
6-2-97
Jillian Totten

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

IMAGINING

Slow jazz
alone and lonely
thinking of you.
Waiting for that day
or night
merging
flowing again.

Soothing
the deep chocolate of you
drinking you in.
Joined and rising
falling ~~together~~ and free
~~opened and free~~
~~when I am with you~~ together
we are one.

Life exploding
engaging creation
and joy in the sweetness
of you
and me
alone
together.

Duncan E. Teague
February 1996

Voices Come on Out.

Where have the voices of so many gone
Where is the cry that can bring our mothers running
Our fathers turning around to see
Is everything alright
You gone be alright, Baby
Thats what our Big Auntie would holler

More voices angry, MAD
Raging lines on pages
Printed deep red
Printed lasting through nights of howling pain
Words sshouting into the cavern of space
Left empty

I need a man behind Marlon's camera
Someone explaining what the hell Craig Harris and Essex Hemphill meant
Fans to cool the rage of Assotto Saint and Donald Wood's passion
I want to sleep with Rory Buchanan's phrases and Stephen Corbin's stories again

Fixin' to get my book together but not fast enough to keep up
Death done stole my contributers
It ain't right
Nothing about it is right
You can't make it right
Volumes dedicated to the dead

Squeezing the last hug out of a book of poems
From some damn conference
With Him standing there calling me
"of course, I'll sign yours, Ms Thang"
He signed my soul with more words and more hugs
Ouooo it hurts to see it sitting there learing at me.

Nervous hands rattling handwritten pages
Podium rocking, foot tapping quietly
Serveying eyes from bowed unmemorized tales
Breaths held awaiting last beautiful warm phrases
Silence for a four seconds
Two seconds more
Then sighs, sighs like poets only should sigh

Applause
Crying
Applause
Smiling big
Applause

Another Voice freed

Duncan E. Teague
February 1996

Voices Come on Out.

D Where have the voices of so many gone
M Where is the cry that can bring our mothers running
T Our fathers turning around to see
M Is everything alright
D You gone be alright, Baby
T Thats what our Big Auntie would holler

M More voices angry/MAD - T
D Raging lines on pages
T Printed deep red
M Printed lasting through nights of howling pain
D Words sshouting into the cavern of space
Left empty T-M
A BEAT
M I need a man behind Marlon's camera
D Someone explaining what the hell Craig Harris and Essex Hemphill meant
T Fans to cool the rage of Apostle Saint and Donald Woods' passion
D I want to sleep with Rory Buchanan's phrases and Stephen Corbin's stories again

T Fixin' to get my book together but not fast enough to keep up
.. Death done stole my contributers
M- D It ain't right
T Nothing about it is right
D You can't make it right
T Volumes dedicated to the dead

M Squeezing the last hug out of a book of poems
D From some damn conference
M With Him standing there calling me
D "of course, I'll sign yours, Ms Thang"
T He signed my soul with more words and more hugs
L Ouooo it hurts to see it sitting there leering at me. - look at DUNCAN
A BEAT
T Nervous hands rattling handwritten pages
M Podium rocking, foot tapping quietly — D
M Serveying eyes from bowed unmemorized tales
D Breaths held awaiting last beautiful warm phrases
TD - Silence for four seconds M
TD Two seconds more
M Then sighs, sighs like poets only should sigh
D.

T Applause
D Crying
M Applause
T Smiling big
D Applause

M Another Voice freed
DT — T all

VOICES FROM A FUTURE CONCENTRATION CAMP

Where Will You Be?

BY PAT PARKER

GET METRONOME

from *Movement in Black* © 1978, Pat Parker
reprinted in *Afrekete* © 1995, Catherine E. McKinley and L. Joyce DeLaney

empty, emotionless and very rhythmic, over-enunciated

3 upstage-facing standing upstage

T Boots are being polished
Trumpeters clean their horns
M Chains and locks are forged
D The crusade has begun.

← M begin box-turn downstage

D Once again the flags of Christ
are unfurled in the dawn
and cries of soul saviors
sing apocalyptic on air waves.

M Citizens, good citizens all
parade into voting booths
and in self-righteous sanctity
X away our right to life.

T > I do not believe as some
that the vote is an end,
I fear even more
It is just a beginning.

D So I must make assessment
M Look to you and ask:
T Where will you be
when they come?

Drum stops

single-file, then reel

Drum rest-mes more expressive

M They will not come
a mob rolling
through the streets,
but quickly and directly
move into our homes
and remove the evil,
the queerness,
the faggotry,
the perverseness
from their midst.

break from ranks, furtive, warning

D They will not come
clothed in brown,
and swastikas, or
bearing chest heavy with
gleaming crosses.
The time and need
for ruses are over.

T They will come
in business suits
to buy your homes
and bring bodies to
fill your jobs.

They will come in robes
to rehabilitate
and white coats
to subjugate
M and where will you be
when they come?

All Where will we *all* be
when they come?
D And they will come —
Pause - ticking
T they will come
because we are
defined as opposite —
D perverse
T/D and we are perverse.

BEGIN BUILDING

M Every time we watched
a queer hassled in the
streets and said nothing —
T/D It was an act of perversion.

T Every time we lied about
the boyfriend or girlfriend
at coffee break —
M/D It was an act of perversion.

D Every time we heard,

"I don't mind gays
but why must they
be blatant?" and said nothing —
T/M It was an act of perversion.

M Every time we let a lesbian mother
lose her child and did not fill
the courtrooms —
T/D It was an act of perversion.

T Every time we let straights
make out in our bars while
we couldn't touch because
of laws —
M/D It was an act of perversion.

D Every time we put on the proper
clothes to go to a family
wedding and left our lovers
at home —
M/T It was an act of perversion.

M/T Every time we heard
T "Who I go to bed with
is my personal choice —
It's personal not political"
M/T and said nothing —
All It was an act of perversion.

D Every time we let straight relatives
bury our dead and push our
lovers away —
It was an act of perversion.

— — — Semi climactic back off slightly

M And they will come.
D They will come for
the perverts
T & it won't matter
if you're
homosexual, not a faggot
lesbian, not a dyke
gay, not queer

D It won't matter
if you
① own your own business
have a good job
or are on SSI

M It won't matter
if you're
④ Black
Chicano
Native American
Asian
or White

T It won't matter
if you're from
M ⑤ New York, ~~Detroit~~
or ~~Los Angeles~~
~~Galveston~~
~~or Sioux Falls~~

D Los Angeles
Kansas City
T Albany, GA
or Tuscaloosa, AL
They will come

Consider:
It won't matter
if you drive
a halfway
car

Jackson, MS
~~Memphis, TN~~
Detroit
Kansas City
Atlanta
} adaptable

D It won't matter
if you're
② Butch, or Fem
T or Not into roles ← Top, Bottom, Versatile
Monogamous
M or Non Monogamous

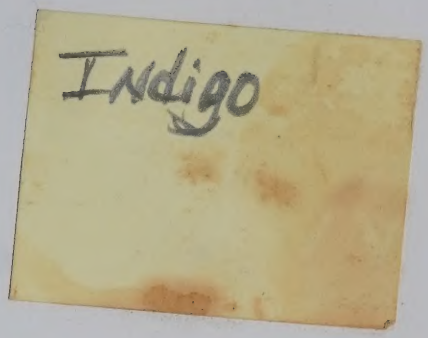
D It won't matter
if you're
~~Catholic~~
~~Baptist~~
~~Atheist~~
~~Jewish~~
~~or MCC.~~

③
T → Atheist
M → Yoruba
D → Muslim
T → Jewish
T → Buddhist
D → MCC
M → or Unity Fellowship

Rounds
/D /M → They will come — SHOUT
T They will come
to the cities
and to the land
to your front rooms
M and in *your* closets.

Bell tolls
CLIMAX
LONG ~~BREAK~~
back off almost back to the beggining

They will come for
the ~~perverts~~
D and where will
you be
when they come



G. WINSTON JAMES

FAGBASHER

M Did you think it was over
Simply because you didn't
Leave me the strength to continue
To scream "Why"

T And maybe you think that just because a bat
Could crack my skull and
Shatter my world that it could
Murder my spirit?

D Oh, no, my friend.
Rest firmly assured,
Divas don't die
Quite that easily.

M But I guess you were figuring that out
While the first man grabbed you up, ALL
M And had it plain before the fourth man
Held your arms tight against the bars. ALL

T Swinging their fleshy bats behind you so fast
That you thought you could hear them
Cutting through the air at your back,
Threatening to beat you down.

D You didn't know that getting fucked
Had a sound, Did you? Like a fight
That you were losing all the more,
The harder you resisted.

T Go ahead , scream , motherfucker!
M And pretend that your hard little dick
Isn't saying all the things you were thinking
D When you were swinging a bat at me.

T Scream , and I'll clog your throat
On my way out from you twisted depths.
D Yell , pant ,choke on all the dead faggots – ALL
Climbing over your teeth to watch and chant:

T "Fuck him , fuck him."
M As you get slammed by a guy
Who wanted to be faggot
But just ended up being a man. M/D

T "Fuck my friend Dean out of him !" ~~one yells~~.
D Open your mouth wider!
M "And I wanna see my friend John"
T How do you like a bat up your butt?
"Fuck the life out of him." ALL

Until the last man
Cums in your ass.

I Have Come Into The City

Sonya Sanchez

i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
amid rumors of death
calling out to everyone who would listen
it is time to move us all into another century
time for freedom and racial and sexual
justice
time for women and children and men , time
for hands unbound
i had come into the city wearing peaceful breast
and the spaces between us smiled ,
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes

and they followed us in their cars with their computers
and their tongues crawled with caterpillars
and they bumped us off the road, turned over our cars,
and they bombed our building, killed our babies,
and they slaughtered our doctors
maintaining our bodies
and their courts changed into confessionals
but we kept on organizing we kept on
teaching believing
loving doing what was holy moving to a
higher ground
even though our hands were full of
slaughtered truth
but we had our eyes delirious with grace
but we had our eyes delirious with grace

come, i say come, you sitting still in domestic bacteria
come, i say come, you standing still in double
breasted mornings
come, i say come, and return to the fight
this fight for the earth
this fight for our children

this fight for our life
we need your hurricane voices
we need your sacred hands

i say, come, sister, brother to the battlefield
come into the rain forests
come into the 'hood, come into the barrios
come into the schools, come into the abortion clinics
come into the prisons, come caress our spines

i say, come, wrap, your feet around justice
i say, come, wrap, your tongues around truth
i say, come, wrap your hands with deeds and prayers
you brown ones, you yellow ones,
you black ones, you gay ones, you white ones,
you lesbian ones

Come come come come come to this battlefield
called life, called life, called life....

ESSEX HEMPHILL

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tounges
everywhere.
We return to pictures
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

ESSEX HEMPHILL

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tounges
everywhere.
We return to pictures
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

ESSEX HEMPHILL

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tounges
everywhere.
We return to pictures
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.

KOAN

my face
before my birth
was half
my father's face
looking
back into
eternity

the half-him
that was me
fought countless wars
loved myriad women
sired a thousand sons
a thousand daughters

I am the end of all that
I am fruit ripening
with no seed to plant
no progeny to offer
a crowded world
my gift is who I am
outside of history
facing time dissolving
in an ever present moment
with gentle men
whose loving
knows no purpose
but to kindle
in our hearts
the quiet light
of peace

Franklin Abbott